

HOW TO KEEP COOL IN HOT WEATHER.

THERE'S a good deal of art in keeping cool. It isn't altogether a question of how high the mercury climbs, nor how large and shaded your house is, nor of how large or small you are yourself.

All other things being equal, it is the person who doesn't "fuss" that actually keeps his temperature lower, besides preserving the appearance of cool serenity, which is no small matter.

"How cool you look!" is a greeting very pleasing to feminine ears, especially during the warm summer months. Don't fuss and you'll look cool. Look cool and you'll come very near to feeling cool. And for the rest—well, it is a matter between your self and the ice man.

It used to be thought that a large, fleshy person must be warm and uncomfortable during the hot weather, while a slender body wouldn't feel the heat. All stuff and nonsense! I know two women who live in the same house. One weighs something like 170 while the other taxes the scales at about 110. The big woman freezes all winter while the little one revels in cold weather and actually requires very much less artificial heat to keep her body warm. When summer comes conditions are reversed. The stout woman thrives when the sun's rays are most ardent, and then the slender woman wilts. I could mention dozens of similar cases, showing that the influence of heat and cold on different persons is a matter of something besides adipose tissue.

Maybe it is a matter of temperament. Whatever it is, one's mental attitude toward a warm day will have much to do with getting through that day comfortably, whether it be spent in the house, on the street, in the office or in traveling on the cars.

But first there are some natural conditions to be considered. If the doors and windows be left open all day long with the notion that one must have fresh air, there will be fresh air in plenty, but after the early morning hours it will be hot, drying and burning, and the whole house will be like an oven. On the contrary, if the house be closed and darkened early in the morning the hot air will be shut out, and to one coming in from the sunshine that house will seem like an oasis in the desert. This is not a theory, but a well tested fact. In Arizona and other hot places one closes the windows and blinds all over the house before sunrise. The windows have been open all night, the air is cooled and this is the only way to keep that bit of cool comfort.

If, however, one lives in a little house exposed to the glare of the hot sun, or in the top story of a building, it is perhaps better to let the hot air circulate through the house rather than to suffocate with the heat. But there seems no good reason in California why even the humblest cabin should be exposed to the sun's hot glare all day. Trees grow with so little care, and a hop vine will furnish a screen against the sun's rays in a single season. And even hot air blowing through green vines seems cooler, because the eyes are rested by that refreshing color.

For the same reason a shaded room seems cooler, even though the temperature be as high as in an adjoining room with shades pulled to the top. This shows that keeping cool is a matter of something besides the thermometer. It depends somewhat on keeping harmony within one's self. A color which rests the eye contributes to that harmony. White is not only cooler to wear than any color, but it looks cool. A woman in a thin white frock is nearly always greeted with "How cool you look," and the beholder actually feels more comfortable to be near her, while he would turn with a shudder from a woman gowned in red under a July sun.

But even a dainty, thin, white frock becomes a hollow mockery if it harbors yards and yards of stuffy starched muslin beneath its folds. Think what delusions we women were when our filmy, soft, white mull gowns were supported by three or four stiff starched waists, muslin under-skirts. You may laugh at that, my little sister, but it is only a very few years since we all were guilty of that offense against harmony and dog days—and you may be a few years hence. But I hope not. The lightweight silk skirts, and the lace-trimmed, foamy looking creations of soft, white cambric of the day, while they may seem like extravagances are really philanthropists to their wearers engaged in the art of feeling and looking cool and so of contributing to warm weather harmony.

—except for a map or for a period of complete relaxation, the corsetless figure is rarely as comfortable as the one wearing an open mesh, thin, summer corset. Every woman knows that she was a good deal warmer on those days when she lounged around on diaphanous than when she kept herself fairly trim. But keeping trim does not necessarily mean stiff laces, collars, or ribbons swathing the neck, even to the ears, or tight leather belts choking the waist, though many wear them and are fairly comfortable.

After dressing as comfortably and sensibly as possible, it is well to see one's mental state to the weather with a resolution to get through the day comfortably; not to fret, nor to fuss, nor to complain. Keep sweet, keep cool. In order to do both there is but one way—keep busy.

There is no use in trying to get through warm weather comfortably by doing nothing. That is too much of a concession to the warmth and it

takes advantage of its ascendancy to keep whispering in your ear all day, "How hot it is!" It's just roasting. "I wonder how high the thermometer registers?" "Oh, dear, oh, dear, I wish I could find a cool place!" And it keeps you tugging at your wilted collar and mopping your melting face in misery all day.

The only way to treat a hot day is to give it the "cold cut." Appear not to see it, or if you are forced to notice it look coldly through and beyond it. In order to preserve this marble heart, frozen glance, fringed attitude toward the hot weather—keep busy. If it finds you are paying no attention to it, it will presently slink away and leave you in peace.

This is no fairy story. Did not this writer spend two burning summers in the stifling but dear little city of Fresno? In the top story of a brick building that never cooled off night or day, I found it possible to get so busy that I never thought of the thermometer nor of the weather, except when the ink in the inkwell turned to a liver-like consistency over night, and the leather-bound volumes on the shelves rolled up their covers and began to rustle, or when the bitumen on the street began to move along in waves under my feet and made me seasick.

There are compensations even for warm days. One of them is ice tea. I add it to the list of things one may "do" to help along the art of keeping cool. Iced watermelons help. So does sherbet. And, by the way, beloved, the things one eats or sees on the table to eat have much to do with helping to keep one cool. Steam- ing hot messes of rich food are an offense to the palate and to the stomach on a hot day. A few simple hot dishes seem needful to our civilization, but they can be rendered palatable by judicious flanking of cool vegetables, salads, pitchers of iced milk or tea and plenty of fresh fruit.

I once knew an otherwise good woman who nearly always celebrated a particularly hot day by having hot cakes for supper. She was a Presbyterian in good standing and her morals were unexceptionable, so I never could understand this symptom of a depraved mind. The only way it became at all clear was to suppose that she started the day by thinking she would have nothing hot to eat, but by night got so hungry she had to cook, and flour is always available and griddle cakes quickly prepared.

I hope I shall not be accused of being in league with the ice man if I say that ice is not an extravagance but an economical agent. Many persons in humble circumstances feel that they must do without ice. They count it a luxury. Yet there are but three months in the year when ice is really needed, and ten cents worth of ice every other day makes such a marvelous difference in the actual comfort of a small family and does so much toward keeping food in good condition that it becomes almost as necessary as fuel.

Many a jaded man or delicate woman turns from a table whereon the butter has turned to oil, the cucumbers are wilted from the heat of a steaming kitchen and the drinking water is tepid and nauseating. A ten cent lump of ice wrapped in several newspapers and placed on an inverted pan in a small tub makes a cool nest in the dining-room closet where the butter, fruit, milk, salad, etc., may be kept fresh and firm—until the moment for serving has come.

I know it is not considered "hygienic" to begin dinner with a drink of iced water, but many a tired person finds an appetite with a few sips of iced water or iced tea—a fig for hygiene! And, then, a clink of ice in a pitcher, a few bits of it about the butter are so refreshing to eye and ear and laded sconces generally that the ice is also a promoter of harmony and health.

Happily, our nights are never so warm that sleeping is anything but refreshing, nor do we have to resort to sprinkling the sheets with cold water before we can sleep. There comes an occasional night though when ourselves and our rooms seem uncomfortably warm at the hour of retiring. It was a Fresno man who told me he simply treats himself, under those circumstances, as we treat a warm melon when we have no ice. He gets into the bath tub, turns on the water and stays there quietly for some little time. That seems so simple and reasonable I wonder everybody doesn't try it. — are all haunted by the fear that we should be warmer afterward than before, but that isn't true except where a hasty cold bath is taken, followed by brisk rubbing. Staying quietly in the water for about five or ten minutes reduces the temperature and before one has time for any reaction he is dreaming of swimming in the surf or of climbing Mr. Shasta.

LONDON STYLES FOR MEN.

London Correspondence of the Haberdasher.

This year's smart man, viewed in the light of both his tailoring and his haberdashery, will be a subdued individual. He has apparently made up his mind for a period of somberness, and into whatsoever establishment you go this impression is strongly conveyed. The gray flannel cloth, dark for choice, and with fine vertical stripes one-half inch to one inch apart will constitute, as regards material, the standard of smartness this season. As for style, the lounge suit, with single-breasted coat with high-cut lapels, square corners and flapped pockets; double-breasted high-cut waistcoat, and trousers of medium leg width will be the prevailing taste. Some men prefer the double-breasted coat and single waistcoat, and this will be equally correct, being purely a matter of taste. A fair sprinkling of morning coats of similar material cut rather long and full in the skirt and worn usually with

a fancy double-breasted waistcoat will, I think, be seen this summer. The frock coat has no particular variation except that it is cut a little longer than hitherto, reaching to about an inch below the knee, the lapels being silk faced to within one inch of the edge.

Fancy Waistcoats.

A style in the fancy waistcoat line that seems to be attracting a good deal of favor just now consists of a garment made in some suitable shade of gray with a spotted pattern of minute stars in white silk or of small stripe-shaped spots, the stripes slanting alternately in opposite directions. It is cut in that peculiar V-shape, double breasted at the top, single at the bottom. It closes high up in the neck, with no collar and leaving but a small expanse of shirt front visible. The edges are bound round with an inch-wide braiding of black ribbed silk carried up the lapels and right around the neck. The pockets are four in number, with flaps edged in the same way. The buttons may be any variety of fancy metal or of plain white pearl, and either flat or ball shaped. The front comes down rather to a point, really a couple of points, formed by the crossing-over portion. This waistcoat is worn either with the lounge suit or with the morning coat. For the frock coat the correct thing is the plainly cut double-breasted waistcoat, which, however, may be in fancy material if preferred, or the single-breasted variety either with or without collar.

Gay Ties Not in Favor.

Although the season is well advanced there is as yet no sign of the return to favor of the gay and festive ties and shirts that prevailed last year. The pink and white linen and silk ties have gone the way of the blue and white silk shirts for the time being and are relegated to obscurity. The correct tie this season to wear with the frock or morning coat is one of the soft, black finely ribbed silk variety with white spots or stripes. The spots may be of almost any possible design, while in default of a riot of color, stripes seem to have made up their minds to display as much complication in the way of direction and width as they can. A good many ties are worn with the stripes graduated in size, being wide at the bottom and gradually narrowing toward the top. A taste also seems to have sprung up with some men to have their ties made with a slightly different pattern on the back to that on the front, so that when tied in the cravat or bow a noticeable novelty of effect is produced; in some cases this is carried as far as having the front of the tie a very light gray and the back a very dark. By the way, as the season advances the light gray variety will be more extensively worn than at present. A novelty in the way of color has appeared for cravats in the shape of a new kind of blue, something between the Oxford and Cambridge, with a dash of gray in it. With the dark gray flannel suit looks remarkably well. By way of placing the prevailing tints in order of popularity I will put the black silk with white or heliotrope spots or stripes first; the light gray with black stripes (very fine) second, but gradually overhauling the first; the heliotrope with black pattern third, and the above mentioned blue with a few other tints last. While on the subject of ties I may mention that the diamond scarf pin seems to be coming back into favor after a somewhat prolonged banishment. I have noticed a good few smart men lately wearing them, the design most favored being a circular cluster of brilliants with a ruby or emerald in the middle.

Single-Breasted Frock.

A desperate effort appears to be pending to revive the single-breasted frock coat boom of last year. It will be fresh in the memory still how some imaginative journalist saw, or thought he saw, or saw primed by some one else who saw or imagined he saw, his present majesty King Edward wearing the garment at a garden party last year. In spite of this august association, however, somehow the idea never caught on with the elect. There is of course no earthly reason why such a coat should not come into favor. It can easily be made to look very smart, and certainly it has superior hygienic claims over its double-breasted comrade for the hot weather. Not a few people expressed surprise last year that it did not take more to go. The real reason lay in the fact that, as I pointed out at the time, the whole tale about the king and the coat was a fake, and that, once discovered, it was an easy transition for the man of fashion to persuade himself, somewhat illogically, that the thing must be tabooed.

A new departure has been made in the construction of the Norfolk jacket. It has been hovering about, so to speak, for a long time, but has now come so pronouncedly into favor that it behooves me to place it upon serious record. Briefly it relates to the design of the pleats, which now, instead of being made in the belt-like style that formerly prevailed, are turned inward, presenting the appearance of grooves or slits running up the coat. It is contended that for golfing, cycling and other sports this inverted pleat affords more play to the figure than in the old style. As far as appearance goes, however, there is not much to be said in its favor; it does not look so well as the belted pleat even when it is new, and as time goes on the grooves tend to lose their regularity, gaping in parts and presenting anything but a smart appearance. I do not think the novelty is destined to enjoy a very long life. The shoulder yoke in the Norfolk jacket, about which I wrote some months ago, still retains its popularity, the new pleats beginning at its lower extremity, as in the case of the belt pleats.

Straw Hats.

In the world of hats matters are a little confused at present. The "straw-yard" will certainly be extensively worn, but I fancy its rivals will have a better show this year than hitherto. A few men, greatly daring, have ventured to wear a plain straw hat with not only the conventional black band, but also with a narrow

black border all around the edge of the brim. Arising indirectly out of the military spirit, some men have been wearing their "straw yards" with a plain leather band, buckled exactly like a belt, but this also does not make progress in favor, except with the fair sex, who seem to be taking to it. A somewhat extraordinary affair, made of straw and shaped like a cross between a "sadden-Powell" and a wideawake, is making desperate efforts to secure recognition. It has raised edges or pleats running across the crown in the form of a cross, and is fitted with a narrow black band finished with a long straggling bow with ends that flutter in the breeze. The Panama straw will, I think, be worn more than last year. It does not suit every man, and therefore will not achieve that universal favor enjoyed by its plain round rival, but there seem to be more of it, especially among the ultra-smart, who recognize the possibilities it presents as a sort of manifesto of the wearer's social position. There seems to be no limit to the absurdly extravagant prices that may be given for it. By the way, one prominent dealer whom I interviewed on the subject laid this latter fact to your charge, saying that the American houses were buying up all the output. For automobilists a specialty is being introduced in the shape of a sort of racing cap with a glazed peak and fitted with a transparent visor which can be drawn up or down at pleasure. The idea is, of course, to protect the eyes from sudden assaults in the way of dust or insects. I observe, however, that some motor owners prefer to protect themselves by fixing a wide expanse of sheet glass on their machines.

Automobile Costumes.

Speaking of automobilists reminds me that their rapid increase in this country of late has resulted, as was inevitable, in the establishment of a fashion department of their own. A neat rig for the modern motorist consists of a plain but smart-looking jacket made of leather or leather cloth and designed to protect the wearer from the rush of air as he whirls along, an important point in modern machines. For the same reason it fastens high up in the neck, and long-waisted gloves or gauntlets are worn with it to prevent the wind passing up the sleeves. No buttons are visible; they are inside the jacket. For those who do not like the appearance of the leather the ordinary cloth is used, made up in four or five thicknesses or lined with the leather. In view of the great speed attained by motors nowadays, the exposed position of the driver, this question of warmth becomes a serious one.

This time last year a feature of masculine garb consisted of the brown boot, which was advanced to a very high position in public favor. This year it practically does not exist. It has gone with the festive shirt and tie. Whether as the season advances it will force itself back to favor is a doubtful point which I cannot yet prophesy about. With the frock coat, however, I notice it is allowable to wear patents with brown cloth uppers and white pearl buttons, the toes fitted with a plain cap. For evening dress the severely plain patents, without markings of any kind and with black cloth uppers, remain absolutely de rigueur.

Phrases Which Have a Historical Origin Now in Common Use.

Many of the familiar phrases of the day have been in use since remote antiquity.

A learned German philologist has recently traced a number of the so-called slang phrases through half a dozen languages to their beginnings. Here is a partial list of them:

"He's a Brick!"—This phrase, meaning a good fellow, has been traced to a king of Sparta four centuries B. C. A visitor to Lacedaemonia, the Spartan capital, was surprised to find the city without walls and asked the king what he would do in case of invasion. "Sparta has 50,000 soldiers," replied the king, "and each man is a brick!"

"To give the Cold Shoulder."—It was once the custom in France, when a guest had overstayed his welcome, to serve him with a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast as a gentle hint for him to go.

"To Kick the Bucket."—This phrase dates back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. A shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by standing on a bucket placed on a table to raise himself to a convenient height. To kick the bucket was of course, his last act on earth.

"Catching a Tartar."—During the war between Russia and the Tartars a private soldier cried out, "Captain, I have caught a Tartar!" The officer ordered him to bring his prisoner forward. "He won't let me!" the soldier shouted back, and investigation showed that the Tartar was holding back his captor.

"Apple Pie Order."—A certain Hepish Merton, in Puritan times, was in the habit of baking two or three dozen apple pies every Saturday, which were to last her family through the week. She placed them in her pantry, labeling one or more for each day in the week. The pantry thus arranged was said to be in apple-pie order.

"A Feather in One's Cap."—It was once a custom in their wars with the Turks for the Hungarians to wear a feather in their caps for each Turk they had killed.

"Blackguards!"—When the Horse Guards parade in St. James' Park, London, a crowd of hoodlums always crowd about to black their boots and do other menial work. These attendants at the guard mount have long gone by the name of "black guards."

"Deadhead."—In Pompeii people who gained admittance to an entertainment without paying admission were called "deadheads," because the checks used for admission were small ivory death's heads.

The first practicable steamboat was built in 1802, and the first railway locomotive in 1804.

New York Dental Parlors.

Room 4, Elite Building, Hotel Street.
THE DENTAL SPECIALISTS.

No More Dread of the Dental Chair.

Teeth extracted and filled absolutely without pain by our late scientific methods. No sleep producing agents or cocaine. These are the only dental parlors in Honolulu that have the patent appliances and ingredients to extract, fill and apply gold crowns and porcelain crowns, undetectable from natural teeth, and warranted for ten years, without the least particle of pain. Gold crowns and teeth without plates, gold fillings and all other dental work done painlessly and by specialists.

Gold crowns, \$5; full set teeth, \$5; bridge work, \$5; gold filling, \$1 up; silver fillings, 50c.



Any work that should not prove satisfactory will be attended to free of charge any time within 5 years.

We are making a specialty of gold crowns and bridge work; the most beautiful, painless and durable of all dental work known to the profession. Our name alone will be a guarantee that your work will be of the best. We have a specialist in each department. Best operators, best gold workmen and extractors of teeth; in fact all the staff are inventors of modern dentistry. We will tell you in advance exactly what your work will cost by free examination. Give us a call and you will find we do exactly as we advertise.

NEW YORK DENTAL PARLORS

Room 4 Elite Building, Hotel St.
LADIES IN ATTENDANCE.

Office open from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Make appointments for evenings.

Send Away

To Your Friends

Aloha from Hawaii Calendar

For Sale by

HAWAIIAN NEWS CO.
Limited.

The Mint Saloon

M. M. CUNNINGHAM, PROP.

Opens Saturday Morning
WITH A FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF

WINES - AND - LIQUORS

000

J. H. McDONOUGH, Manager,
Will be assisted by B. LEXON
and W. DAVIS

J. M. VIVAS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Post Office Lane. Honolulu.
Tel.-Main 115. P. O. Box 244.

SEATTLE BEER

On Draught or in Bottles
at the
"CRITERION"

THOMAS FITCH,

Attorney-at-Law

324 S. KING STREET
HONOLULU

The Orpheum Bar

HAS A FINE LINE OF
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, ETC.

For Sale by the Glass or Bottle.
J. K. MERSBERG

W. W. WRIGHT

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY AND RENOVATORY

Spacious New Quarters
at the junction of KING
and SOUTH STS. : : :

BUGGIES, PHAETONS, WAGONS and VEHICLES Of all sorts made to order.



CARRIAGE MATERIALS and TRIMMINGS; A full stock always on hand.

Carriage Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting, Sign Writing, Etc., Etc. : : :

PHONE MAIN 252.

KING AND SOUTH.

REMOVED!

Mathews' Cheap Cash Store

Has Removed from Beretania Street to
1301 FORT STREET, OPPOSITE KUKUI STREET.

Where we have just opened a new shipment of

Furniture, Hardware, Notions, Books, Etc., Etc.

AT UNPRECEDENTEDLY LOW PRICES.

Double mattresses \$1.75 Double beds \$2.50
Iron folding beds \$2.00 Bookcases \$1.00
Stoves \$1.50 from \$1.00 to \$7.00
Furnished iron beds \$5.00 Feather pillows \$1.00
Books, DOORS, BOOKS at publishers' prices and less; magazines at publishers' prices.

Call at MATHEWS' CHEAP CASH STORE and you will save money

California Harness Shop

D. O. HAMMAN.

Tel. Main 90. Lincoln Block,
174 King St.



Have been constantly in the
HARNESS AND SADDLERY
BUSINESS since 1888 : : :
Import all kind of Harness
and American, Spanish and
English Saddles : : : : :

BEST SELECTION OF WHIPS,
BRUSHES, SPURS, ETC., IN
HONOLULU : : : : :

All Kinds of Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

NOTICE! WHEN YOU WANT GREEN RIVER WHISKEY

Do not accept goods bearing a similar name.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

GREEN RIVER WHISKEY

It is distilled by J. W. McCulloch, Owenboro, Ky.

"GREEN RIVER" is the official whiskey of the U. S. Navy Dept.
"GREEN RIVER" whiskey was awarded the Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition, 1900.

For Sale in All Saloons and by

W. C. PEACOCK & CO., Ltd., Sole Agts.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.

JAR. F. MORGAN, Pres. CECIL BROWN, Vice-Pres. F. HUNYAC, Sec.

CHAS. H. AHERTON, Auditor. W. H. HOGG, Treas. and Mgr.

HUSTACE & CO. LTD.

Dealers in FIREWOOD; STOVE, STEAM and BLACKSMITH'S COAL

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Special Attention Given to Draying. White and Black Sand.

Telephone Main 295
QUEEN STREET